UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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THE WAY OF THE FLOWERS.

Sweet, fragrant blossoms, rose-hued ones and white,
Who taught you how to draw the color line,
Deep in the dark of ignorance and night,
Before you knew the power of suns to shine?

Who bade you reach your sightless, mindless hands
To grope in all that wilderness of gloom,
And without faith that knows or understands,
Take only what was needed for your bloom?

Who drew your plan and scheduled you your time—
Who measured out the structure of your stem,
And whispered you the message how to climb,
And when you climbed but slow did not condemn?

Who fitted all your petaled wings with skill
And folded them before they yet were born
About the calyxed fragrance of your will,
To lift you into life's wide smiling morn?

Are you content to follow all the way
The flower-peopled path spells out for you,
Across the sunlit splendor of the day,
Into the twilight meadows deep with dew,

And on into the night of time and place?
Do you believe there ever was a morn
Filled to the level brim with joy and grace
Before your own sweet, gentle soul was born?

Do you believe that there can ever be
Another morning sky beyond the night?
And will you come again and look for me,
And shall I know your formless pink and white?

HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

Unity Manse, Humboldt, Iowa.

It is encouraging to find how rapidly the peace propaganda spreads among the churches. For even this reform in its pioneer days has had reason to complain of the halting attitude of clerics and the hesitating movement of the churches. We have before us in an attractive vest-pocket form a searching sermon by the Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, New York City, on "Militarism and the Christian Church," published for free distribution at the church and sold at the rate of $2 per hundred for missionary purposes. Here is a tract the distribution of which is worth while. The pastor of the Congregational Church in the University town of Champaign, Illinois, has just completed a series of twelve Sunday evening addresses on the movement towards universal peace, and we learn from the Secretary of the National Unitarian Conference to be held in Washington, D. C., next November, that a session is to be devoted to the problem of abolishing war, which means the practicing by nations of the religion that has been so strenuously confessed by the citizens thereof for many centuries.

Colonel Higginson has an essay entitled "The Cowardice of Culture," in which he makes some severe arraignments of those colleges and universities which have been too often found on the wrong side of reform, or at least cherishing the respectability that characterizes the conservative when their testimonials would be most valuable on the other side. Harvard College seems anxious to avoid in future the imputations of its honored alumnus. We have before us two interesting publications from the Harvard University Department of Social Ethics; one a pamphlet of forty pages on "The Housing Problem," a summary of conditions and remedies by James Ford, Ph. D.; the other entitled "The Social Museum as an Instrument of University Teaching," by Francis G. Peabody, Professor of Christian Morals. The latter pamphlet of forty-three pages contains an alphabetical list of the collection. It is interesting to note that under the head of "Anarchism," a portrait of Reclus represents France, of Nietzsche represents Germany, of Salomonson represents Holland, and Tolstoy, Russia; while the exhibit under "Socialism" offers no portraits except those of Babel and Marx from Germany. There are two picture exhibits from Paris and some socialist posters from Milan. We infer that this Museum is in its infancy and that Harvard University means to see it grow.

Wisconsin, the banner-bearing state in the Union on the advance line, is not content with its past laurels, but, recognizing the logic of the situation, has promised to commit the problem of woman's suffrage to the vote of its people in 1912. Here is an opportunity to do some high educational work. Wisconsin will be in the limelight and the result of the vote on woman's suffrage will be anxiously watched by the friends of progress throughout the world. The sober, thoughtful voter is not to be moved by noise and excitement and we hope that the women of Wisconsin will avoid the clap-trap, the band-playing, the posturing and the "hifalutin'" oratory with which the men have debauched the "stump." Let the women appeal to the better natures, and, above all, the better judgment of the men. We suggest to the Executive Committee that they save their campaign funds from the depletion incident to the employment of third, fourth and fifth-rate orators, and use their funds to issue a popu-

lar edition of not less than ten thousand, better twenty-five thousand of Thomas Wentworth Higginson's sane book on "Women and the Alphabet," which is, perhaps, all things considered, the most scholarly, as well as the most convincing and appealing all-round argument presented in one volume. A "Wisconsin Edition," published with the consent and co-operation of Colonel Higginson's efficient publishers, would be a great stroke. We hope the friends of woman's suffrage, men and women, in the Badger State, will take this suggestion seriously.

At last the long-promised report of the Theodore Parker Anniversaries celebrated in Chicago last November under the joint auspices of the Free Religious Association, the Congress of Religion, the National Federation of Religious Federations, and a local committe of One Hundred, is ready for delivery. The report was promised in UNITY immediately following the remarkable series of meetings which were held at various centers, including Orchestra Hall, the Hull House, St. Paul's Universalist Church and Lincoln Centre. The committee had in mind a fugitive pamphlet, paper bound, for which subscriptions at the rate of twenty-five cents per copy were solicited, but the plans of the Committee grew on their hands until now we have a handsome volume of over two hundred pages, printed in clear type and on good paper, containing a full reproduction of everything said as caught by the skillful fingers of Mrs. Annie Laurie Kelly, well known as one of the most skillful stenographers in Chicago. The volume is substantially bound in cloth, contains a beautiful portrait of Theodore Parker as a frontispiece, and two dozen or more portraits of the executive and advisory committees and the leading speakers. The book is dedicated "To those who are to come after; the future generations for whom and with whom Theodore Parker will still be working;" and offers as an illuminating frontispiece a remarkable tribute, sent to the committee by a "Well-known Methodist Divine," who has since gone to his reward, translated like Theodore Parker out of the ministry of his high work and great usefulness. During the Centennial celebration throughout the country, a friend and lover of Theodore Parker wrote: "Why is it that Theodore Parker's name no longer kindles and glows?" However it may have been in other cities, in Chicago at least, Theodore Parker's name did both kindle and glow, it kindled hearts independent of and beyond all sectarian lines to speak glowing words, and his name glowed in unwonted places. Perhaps this was because the program was but little concerned with personalities relating to the dead man but was devoted to the consideration of living issues, the hot problems with which the living Theodore Parker is still concerned, and to the solution of which his words are still timely and his pages still eloquent and instructive. To those who were forehanded enough to subscribe for the work in advance, copies will be sent as per promise for the twenty-five cent subscriptions, but orders for the remaining copies will be handled in the order received at the rate of seventy-five cents per copy. This is a book for the library, one that will be much prized by the lovers of Theodore Parker, and, what is better, one that is well qualified to make new lovers of the great apostle of freedom, a prophet of the American Church, a herald of universal religion.

Ministerial Education

The Meadville Theological School has lived sixty-seven years of life quietly, and has accepted, in the main uncomplainingly, the degree of obscurity which belongs to its mission more than to its locality. The ministerial profession is by common consent regarded with increasing suspicion by the type of young man that a century ago turned toward it with love and enthusiasm as the noblest opportunity for right-minded men with scholarly tastes and ethical enthusiasms.

But this modest School of the Prophets has recently been stirred with a tempest of agitation. A proposition to move the school to Chicago and plant it under the eaves of the Chicago University called forth the aggressive championship of the President, and, we believe, of most if not all of the faculty and the majority of the non-resident trustees; while on the other hand it aroused the earnest, sustained and active opposition of the vigilant local board, with perhaps one exception.

Theoretically, the desirability of university affiliations and the advantages of a metropolitan neighborhood for a school designed to prepare men for the active ministry of religion is to our minds hardly a debatable question, but to move an institution with sixty-seven years of history is at best a drastic proposition, a process as difficult and beset with as many dangers as the transplanting of a full-grown tree, and we believe the test vote that decided not to disturb present relations was wise. The petty sum of $100,000, which the friends of the transplanting proposed to raise, would be wholly inadequate to give to the new school the proper relations and equipment, to give it standing and efficiency in the Chicago environment, and is a wholly inadequate money argument to offer for the abandonment of the present plant and the transference of an endowment that is rapidly approaching the million-dollar sum. Furthermore, a denominational school whose active and avowed purpose is to supply

ministers to the Unitarian denomination is probably better fitted to do its work at Meadville than in the atmosphere of Chicago. This does not indicate our lack of interest in the suggestion of establishing a great school for the study of morals and religion in connection with the great University of Chicago. We think the time is coming when the believers in untrammeled religious fellowship and the scientific study of religion and ethics, and the application of the same to the problems not only of individual life but of the community and the State, will join in the founding and the maintenance of such an institution, and we believe that, in the fullness of time, the Unitarians, Universalists, Independents, progressive Jews, the Ethical Culture movement, and other organized friends of the open mind and the applied faith in religion will help establish and maintain such an institution. But the initiative must come not from the representatives of trusts already sacred,—least of all can they be drafted into this service,—but from such representatives of progressive capital and civic enthusiasm as are ready to break new ground, create new moulds for the spirit, and woo, not coerce, existing organizations to co-operate with it.

Stumbling among the "scissorings" of long ago, a friend who knew of this agitation fell upon the following opinion expressed by the Senior Editor of UNITY in an interview given to a local daily eighteen years ago, on the eve of the great Parliament of Religions. Speaking of the tasks that were coming up before the representatives of liberal religion in Chicago, he said:

"And more important and more imperative than all these tasks is the responsibility laid upon the liberal minds of Chicago to provide for the future education of workers in the field of morals, religion and reform. The twentieth century will dawn upon us with tremendous problems in the realms of the spirit. Chicago capital, Chicago brain and Chicago conscience ought to provide for a great study of these problems. The Chicago University is an assured greatness. Its schools of science, literature, medicine and orthodox theology are already under way, and their growth and success are inevitable. There is yet one great gap, a damaging deficiency,—one which if allowed to remain will be a reproach to the liberal minds and the liberal churches of Chicago, a menace to the higher education which the university ought to yield. I have been waiting anxiously for the man or the men who would see this want and take steps toward supplying it. A "School of Applied Ethics and Applied Religion" is the next great thing that Chicago is going to attach to the university, and through the university give to the world. It will be a school where religion and ethics will be studied in a scientific spirit, uncommitted to creed or to church. Such a school will not only draw the young men and women who desire to study in such an atmosphere for the ministry, but the many more who intend to engage in journalism, teaching, philanthropy, state-craft and home-making. It will take $1,000,000 to plant such an addendum to the university, and there is somewhere a man or woman, or their equivalent in the way of a hundred men and women, or it may be a thousand men and women, who are ready to do this thing when the vision comes.

The West is full of "people out in search of a religion." Will not a religion that is scientific and a science that is religious, a reverent reason and reasonable reverence, satisfy them? Such the liberal movement above indicated would fain offer them."

Muddleheadedness

That is what loses more than half the battle in religion. Muddled, general, diffused ideas, lacking in clear point and application are fatal. Of course we believe in the better life, in character and goodness and truth, in a general sort of way. But practical power and result are not born of generalities.

Outside the realm of religion we recognize this. The limitless sources of energy only do the practical work of the world when we pass from the vague notion that they are pregnant with far-reaching results, to the definite harnessing of their diffused forces.

We frame mirrors to concentrate the sunlight on one definite point and it pumps for us the water which is to make a garden in the wilderness. We harness our steam, set it to definite ends, under definite conditions, in the ordered complexity of the engine, and the soft diffused vapor becomes a working giant. Niagara, unfettered and lost at last in Lake Ontario, gets confined, some infinitesimal fraction of her in the penstocks under the humming dynamos, and a city is alive with power and light.

It is its definite channel, even of the most tortuous kind, that gets the river to the sea at last. Channelless it becomes a morass, the breeder of pestilence and the haunt of miasmic vapor. The ruddered liner on the high seas, big with stored and directed energy, is peerless mistress of the storm. Rudderless she is its helpless toy spite of all her power.

Calvinism was great in the clearness more than in the truth of her ideas. God, hell, judgment, salvation were to her no empty generalities. Of their very definiteness power was born; power to mould men of iron in dark and cruel days. Heritors of nobler truth, we have lost her power because we have surrendered the clearness of her thought. Not even the nobility of her ideals made for the heroic greatness of Puritanism so much as her setting those ideals in definite ways towards ends that she had made clear to her soul. Well does the epistle which Luther scorned say of the man of wavering mind, "Let not such a man think that he shall receive anything from the Lord."

The thought of God and the universe, the fuller understanding of himself, the splendor of the wider vision open to man today, are forces of limitless possibilities. They teem with the power of which nobler life may be born if we will. But not without clear aim and ordered purpose. Lacking these the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of a thought which, were it only clear, would be the mother of nobler resolution still.

Why are we banded together as a church? What

aim unites us? How do we propose to catch its inspiration? What are you and I doing towards its attainment, and what do we further clearly intend to do? Where men gather together with definite, resolute, clear consciousness of what things like these actually mean to them, a power arises on the earth. But to the church of delightful generalities, only sleep comes. It is not the sleep of which the vigor of the morning is born, but the impotent sleep of the drifter on a tideless sea.

One hindrance to high living is the lack of clear ideas. W. HANSON PULSFORD.

What Ails the Ministry?

One can hardly pick up a religious paper without noticing a reference to the shortage of ministers. In conventions and church congresses the old straw is threshed over: "Increase of the ministry." But the enlistment is meager. An object lesson presents itself, for there are hundreds and hundreds of ministers who find it impossible to secure a church. Hitherto, young men of their own accord entered divinity schools. Now they are solicited, buttonholed, cajoled and promised preferment. Some of the divinity schools have so few students that the well-paid professors must regard their services in the light of a farce.

Why is it that young men do not respond to the insistent call? The diagnosis is: A young man of noble and sincere purpose takes a college course and then devotes three or four years to professional training for the Christian ministry. As soon as he graduates his services are in demand. Accepting a pastorate he finds the ecclesiastical waters unruffled and all is smooth sailing. The novelty of a young minister with fresh stores of learning fills the bill for the time being.

But in the order of nature the young parson takes unto himself a wife, and then the seamy side of life opens. Roman Catholic priests takes the three-fold vow of chastity, poverty and obedience, yet the young minister is spared taking such a formal obligation. Meanwhile the average church enforces poverty, family cares multiply, appearances must be kept up, children educated, papers, magazines and books supplied, to say nothing of furnishing clothing and filling the larder.

With the average salary paid, and expenses soaring higher, the financial problem reveals that it is impossible to make both ends meet. What so natural as to seek fresh fields and pastures new? Frequent removals become the order of life, and, handicapped, the parson can not progress along the line he anticipated.

Poor fellow! he is now disillusioned, for his eyes are no longer holden! He finds his clerical brethren in a rough and tumble scramble for the best paying churches, and their antics almost duplicate those of an Indian pow-wow. And the only recourse is to join the motley crowd and pander to low ethics. Energy is sapped, scholarship is arrested and dissatisfaction ensues. However, he must keep the pace as best he can. When forty years old he is blandly informed that a minister with grayish locks and a few wrinkles is no longer desirable for shepherding human souls. Reaching the half century mark he is shelved, without friends, minus funds, and with no option for gaining a livelihood. Yet the Arabian proverb affirms: "No man is called of God till the age of forty." The clock of life has struck and then comes fulfilment of the deacon's prayer in behalf of his minister: "O Lord! grant him thy grace and we will keep him poor."

On the other hand, his companions in law and medicine, who were obliged to hustle at the start, find their services constantly enlarging, inasmuch as experience is the most valuable asset they possess. The young doctor settles in some country town, makes his mark, and his clientele augments year by year. The young disciple of Blackstone hangs out his sign in some out-of-the-way town, and very soon he fills positions of trust and wins enduring success.

Despite these facts we know that man is incurably religious. Even Voltaire affirmed, "If a man did not have a religion he would have to invent one."

Is not the statement this? *Churchianity is out of joint, not the real Christianity of the Nazarene.* A noted German thinker told the truth in this simple statement: *"Christianity has been in the world, but* THE RELIGION OF JESUS REMAINS TO BE TRIED." While noting the decadence of the ministry, there was never a time in the world's history when so much religion is manifest as we witness to-day. During the past year $163,000,000 have been given to the use of philanthropy. Of this vast amount, thirty millions were assigned for religion during the past twelve months. And since the close of our Civil War more than a billion dollars have been donated for the same purpose. Therefore, the administration of the churches is at fault.

At the core there is but one religion, yet there are many theologies, or man-made interpretations thereof. During anniversary week in Boston, the Reverend Dr. Crapsey mentioned that sixty million people in America do not go to church. Why this augmentation of non-church-goers? If the dynamic of the Spirit were in evidence, the altars of worship would not be forsaken. Re-adjustment within the churches must take place ere the new shepherds respond to the call. As long as salaries are on the gauge of sixty years ago, new recruits can not be expected to rally for leadership. In the age of commercialism we can not blame the young men of to-day for declining the one call which will pauperize them, make home the abode of distracting conditions, and, when no longer in the ecclesiastical market, then "over the hill to the poorhouse."

The missing notes in the religious life of to-day are aggressiveness, positive convictions of truth, and reverence. The churches are at fault—not the conscientious, hard working and illy paid shepherds. The only hope is to right about face, make the ministry self-respecting, and return to the simplicity of the Nazarene. Character, culture, experience and lengthening years of service must be honored. Otherwise Protestant churches are doomed to desuetude. NATHAN S. HILL.

Springfield, N. Y.

Here lie I, Martin Elginbrod,
Have mercy on my soul, Lord God,
As I would do were I Lord God
And ye were Matrin Elginbrod.
—*An ephitaph quoted by George MacDonald.*

THE PULPIT

Christ's Definition of Men

SERMON PREACHED BY HENRY H. BURCH IN UNITY CHURCH, HUMBOLDT, IOWA, MAY 5, 1911.

"Ye are the light of the world. A city set on a hill can not be hid."—Matt. 5:14.

I am more interested to know what the Christ thought about men than I am to know what men thought about the Christ. I have studied what men thought about the Christ, I have read the long quarrel between Athanasius and Arius. But the church fathers were mistaken in so many of their views regarding other matters that we are not particularly interested to know what they thought about the nature of Jesus. Had you asked those old authorities if the earth was flat they would have said, "Yes, it's flat, can't you see?" Had you asked them what the sky was, they would have said, "It's a kind of an inverted bowl, or a fixed firmament of blue masonry." Had you asked them if the sun moves around the earth, they would have said, "Yes, the sun moves around the earth; use your eyes." They lived in a geocentric universe on a flat world, and had you asked them if the blood circulates, they would have said, "No." Had you asked them to name the elements of matter, they would have stuck up four fingers, naming them one by one, first finger, "air"; second finger, "water"; third finger, "fire"; fourth finger, "earth." Had you said, "Is that all?" they would have answered, "Yes, that is all." Now since the early fathers were so far from the truth in so many other things, we are not so interested in knowing what they thought of the nature of Deity, or the sweet mysticism of the Christ mind.

We are more interested to know what the Christ thought about men, after he had walked with them in their cities, fished with them in their seas, worked with them in their fields and worshiped with them in their temples.

There are two distinct classes of religious thinkers. One very large class tells us that man is all bad. There is no good thing in him. His whole nature is corrupt. This class of people get happy and sing songs like this:

> "What though the spicy breezes
> Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
> And every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile?"

There is a very small class of optimistic souls who tell us that man is divine. One class talks of man's evil propensities, and the other points out his God-likeness. One points to Plato's brow and says, "See that." The other puts his finger on the broken joint of a gladiator and says, "Notice this." The one measures man at his best and holds up the line; the other measures him at his worst and says, "See my line." The one finds David putting Uriah to the forefront of the battle line, the other catches him bestowing the benediction of sweet friendship on crippled little Mephibosheth. The one finds Solomon filling his harem with strange women from Egypt, the other finds him with his hands stretched above the altar in the great new temple praying for the whole world.

Jesus talked very little about men. What he said about men he said to men. He never got to the place where he sat in the cool shade of a palm tree and said to a liveried servant, "Fetch me my stylus and the parchment and I will write out a splendid new definition of men." He studied no bones with the anthropologist, no charts with the psychologist, no dust with the physicist. He cared less for the lime that is a man's bones than for the love that was in his heart, the hope that was in his soul or the tenderness that was in his service.

His laboratory was the farm with its peasants, the sea with its fisherman, the vineyard with its laborer, the city with its tradesman, the temple with its worshiper, the byway with its cripple, the throne with its king.

He studied men first hand. He lived in their fishing villages, walked with them as pedestrian, watched them under stress of excitement, studied them under temptation, saw them crawl like wounded beasts in the dust, writhe and recoil under the sting of conscience, waited till their tired and wandering eyes rested on the crystal stars of another world, and heard them pray out into the night while their souls went out to meet the stars.

He entered their temples, listened to their philosophies, marked their thoughts, weighed their motives, analyzed their hearts, tested their love, stood in their courts, examined their mercy, wept over their injustice, felt the sting of their cruelty, and at last looked upon them when their hate was one long carnival of triumph as they stood above the prostrate form of a defenseless man, who at last felt the stamp of their iron-shod boots upon his own broken body.

The Christ knew men. He had studied them in all their varied moods and phases of development. He saw them in the heat of hate, in the rapture of love, in the clouds of doubt, in the moment of ecstasy, in the hour of triumph, in the night of defeat; saw them smile in the morning; heard them curse at noon-day; saw them die in the evening. He heard the prattle of babyhood and the wild yells of carnality at midnight, and saw men stand and weep over the buried dead.

He stood in the home of the rich. He knew the power of purple and measured the passion of poverty. He heard children sing and priests pray and scribes dispute; and while Pharisees tilted the silver beams of the scales that weighed mint and anis and rue, he walked past a rich man's gate where Lazarus lay grateful for the pity of dogs. Jesus knew men.

He said to them one day, "Ye are the light of the world." Listen, ye stars of night, while the Master of men talks to fishermen. Hear it, ye swinging meteors, while the Christ compliments men whose hands are hard with toil and whose brows are decorated with the dew of labor. But lest we become boastful, let us see it all. "A city that is set on a hill can not be hid." Here is the key-word—and I am a city. The city is not all good, it is not all bad. It has places of worship whose tall spires point upward, it has public libraries, hospitals of mercy, splendid art galleries speaking ever of the glories of the past and rousing the fine idealisms of the present. But listen; there is the call of the fire-gong and lurid flames leap from the windows of yonder factory. The rattle of the police-patrol leads

us to look with blushing cheeks toward a "redlight district." The gamblers are out tonight. This is the city, this, with fine parks and sore spots on the river front. This, with tall temples of prayer and resorts for gambling men. Meeting and mingling in the streets are good and bad, and some who are almost neutral in the great struggle of life. This is the city. And listen to men, listen today, the kingliest of all men, said, "You are a city, a city, a whole city," and that you can not be hid. Did the Master mean it for a fine compliment, was it only a figure of speech or was it a tremendous challenge which he threw into the faces of all men to look at themselves, to govern themselves, to control thmselves?

Jesus may have had one of these three cities in mind when he said this. There was Athens ever speaking of beauty, her idealisms and dreams frozen in stone and sculptured in marble, the splendid Acropolis throwing her white shadows toward the sea, calling to all men the wondrous message, "Lift, lift, lift, stand your full height, reach your full strength, run your full speed, you are more than marble, you will live when I lie beaten in fine dust."

And then there was the city of Rome, the capitol and center of the political life of the world. Her name spelled power. And yet darkness brooded with black-winged night over all the city. Nero, the bloated imbecile and debauched king, is soon to come and sing his senseless drivel while the great black city is robed in the gown of red flame and bethrothed as a bride to the devil. Hideous Rome, her baths filled with the sleek, fat bodies of the perfumed dissolutes while poor and sick are dying together in the filth of the streets, and wealth wraps itself in royal purple and feeds from golden urns on the tongues of wild pigeons.

Yet Rome, with her great roads going out into all the world, reaching as conquering arms to the most distant parts, and all spelling power,—Rome is a city; man is a city. Rome's shame burns on the pages of history; her glory travels the broad worlds through roads she herself has made. She can not be hid. Man is a city; he cannot be hid; he is the builder of his own roads; he cuts the subjective ideals of his own soul into the architecture of his own temples.

There was yet another city,—Jerusalem, the city of prayer and of song, the city from whose altars lifted clouds of smoke and incense intermingled with the prayers of priests and songs of Levites, the city looked upon by all the Jews as a holy spot among all the profane things of a profane world. They needed but look toward the sacred place and their thoughts went out toward God. And what does history say of Jerusalem? The gates of her fair temples were thrice burned. Her fair parks and gardens were furrowed by pagan plows. Roman soldiers laughed loud and drank red wines where once her priests stood. And does this spell failure? If man is a city, does it carry that he must fail? I am sure not, for out of the past comes the winging spirit of the idealism of Athens, and the world's art feels the throb of new virtue. Come the splendid canons of Roman laws, and governments are made strong. Come the broken prayers of old priests, the ringing messages of old prophets, and the wondrous words of the new young Jew, and the world's religion is blessed. Rome is not hid, nor is Athens, nor is Jerusalem. Cities were they all, and they all do live and repeat themselves in every other city in the civilized world. So I, a city, with good and bad meeting and mingling in my life, greet you as cities, with good and bad in your lives. I have found some hard places in your lives, where the wheels of commerce and trade have trodden hard the ground, but I see temples in your minds, white places of prayer in your hearts, and the deep hidden places of your lives beyond the world's habits of valuation which it will be my work as minister, companion and fellow worker to search out. We can not be hid. We are lights. We are cities. May we occupy our hill with dignity and yet with humility, and spell our lives' best energies in services to men, for so serve we God.

A Great Book

On the table we find, from Dodd, Mead & Company, of New York City, their yearbook for 1910. This is the fourth volume in a series that began with the year 1907. The price in cloth is five dollars; and I put down the price, which I generally do not for the books that I review, because this splendid work is offered to us at such a low figure. I do not know of any volume that can in any way be compared with it, as a bright but thorough resume of each year as it passes. From an historical standpoint it is invaluable. It would be impossible to give your children anything of more importance. I have examined with a good deal of care subject after subject, and I find that the editors are progressive and up to the times. Take that subject of "Shipping Subsidies," the arguments for it are stated as fairly as possible, but the summing up is honest and judicial. In other words, there is no substantial argument in favor of establishing a subsidy system in the United States. "France has paid larger subsidies than any other nation, and yet has a relatively small and inefficient merchant marine." I could quote from dozens of articles, but I am surprised to find in a single volume, not too bulky for handling, such a capable presentation of the hundreds of issues affecting health, business affairs, moral life, and matters of interest to the general public. Unquestionably Dodd, Mead & Co. have hit the mark, and are giving us the most and best that can be given, and are giving us material that is quite up to date. The editor-in-chief is Frank Moore Colby; and with him are associated such men as Edwin E. Slosson and Charles A. Taylor, with Alfred Charles True and Edwin West Allen, of the United States Department of Agriculture. We have in this number, the one for 1910, quite a contribution from the census, which is admirably well used. You will like the article on "Postal Savings Banks," on "Arbitration," on "Taxation," on "Direct Election of Senators" and other reforms.

E. P. POWELL.

This is the gospel of labor; ring it, ye bells of the kirk;
The Lord of love comes down from above to live with the men who work.
This is the rose that he planted here in the thorn-cursed soil;
Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notices

Mr. Kirkham has written a capital nature book,* dealing with various nooks and corners of our inheritance, East and West, from Cape Ann and the Finger Lakes, to the Giant Cactus Belt and the Elysian Fields. His eye is keenest for plants and birds, and he charmingly describes both in their surroundings. Though he uses scientific words, he curiously misses absolutely the essence of evolution and the significance of fitness to environment. How can he write such lines as these : "Not only are the cacti adapted above all other plants to their part of the garden, but how admirably they preserve the unity of that garden. Nothing could have been better designed for that region." This is not a mere slip; it can be paralleled from several chapters. The condition of mind they betray was to be expected in 1850. In his preface, Mr. Kirkham says: "There are many, however, who, engrossed in affairs, have sold their birthright, this finer, far more beautiful inheritance, for a mess of pottage. To them, above all, this book is addressed in the hope that it may call them back to their own,—to their native land." Of course, the book will *not* do that; why cast pearls before swine? But there are many who have not cared for pottage, to whom these charming descriptions will bring delight,—recalling happy past experiences and helping to shape outings which shall be future joys.

Plainly by a woman, and plainly by an Englishwoman, is the little book about the Japanese, "Behind the Scenes."** . . . There is a kind of sarcasm —sweeping, unsparing, bitter, almost spiteful, yet with a hint of veiled tenderness behind it,—which is essentially feminine. And there is an irritating, matter-of-course assumption of superiority which is essentially British. In the book before us these two pronounced qualities are combined. The author has lived in Japan and knows some things; she loves some things, too,—some of the gauzy, pretty, poetic things of old Japan,—but the new Japan wears upon her. And like thousands of her fellow-Britishers, she is tired of "the alliance,"—it chafes her. Add to this the evident fact that she suffered from indigestion in Japan, and you will understand her book, into which she pours her feminine spite, her race assumption, her political dissatisfaction and her indigestion. She has a sharp pen; she says many a truth; she delights to lay bare sores. Though we smile at occasional just shots we are constantly reminded that there is no character, personal or national, but what can be ridiculed and held up to contempt by just that sharp and biting sarcasm. But what's the use? What is gained by such an outburst—even if an alliance does weary and gall? Stating that the Japanese are irritated by every reference to their smallness, she constantly refers to them as "Our Little Brown Allies" (always capitalized). She chattily narrates experiences which seem to her amusing. Thus she dislikes Japanese shopkeepers, who are not sufficiently keen for trade to meet her British standard. She cites the case of a lady looking for brocades in a Yokohama shop: " 'Have you any good brocades?' she asked. 'Yes, we have,' he wearily replied. 'Well, will you get them out and let me see them?' 'Yes, if you are sure you want to buy," said he with a resigned sigh. "This very funny story illustrates his non-desire for trade," so our author says, but to one who has seen the foreign lady shopping in Yokohama, it suggests another explanation. As for the author's own experiences, here is one. She ordered some frames, (presumably in English or bad Japanese) and on calling for them found them quite different from what she had described. She says:—"it was most irritating, but, concealing my vexation as best I could, I began expostulating mildly on the fellow's carelessness, when suddenly the cheeky young carpenter burst into a rage and fairly shrieked at me in broken English, 'I 'vise you go back own country.' As far as his premises were concerned I took his advice and beat an immediate retreat with as much dignity as possible under the circumstances, while that impudent little toad of a boy continued to gibber and gesticulate until I was out of sight." The author's story illustrating the cowardice of the policemen in a Japanese town who were held off by a desperado at bay in a doorway will be more striking perhaps a little later on when the public has forgotten about the London police force, and the anarchists. We have said enough to indicate the spirit of the book. The author is an unsafe authority on facts. Thus who but she has known mochi as made of beans? Her book will sell well. Individually the English do not love the Japanese and a sharp attack like this will please and amuse them. As an indication of the drift of English opinion, the book is interesting. So far as it actually will have influence, it will strengthen the growing dislike. Japan may yet come to appreciate the full significance of the old phrase, "Perfidious Albion."

FREDERICK STARR.

*East and West. Stanton Davis Kirkham. New York. 1911. J. P. Puhman's Sons. 16°, pp. 280.

**Behind the Scenes—an Englishwoman's Impressions of Japan. Evelyn Adam. New York and London. G. P. Putman's Sons. 16° pp. xiii. 277.

Among the Recent French Books

Two volumes from the same pen, but of widely varying interest, solicit the attention of American readers at this moment. M. Francois Maury, of the staff of the well-known *Revue Bleue,* one of the most brilliant literary and critical weaklies of Paris, has the training and the authority of an economist, without having lost the color and form sense of the artistic connoisseur. In the latter quality he has recently offered a delightful little book entitled "Figures and Aspects of Paris," wherein all American lovers of the city, old or new, will refind their treasured souvenirs. As economist, he publishes a scientific exposition of "The Port of Paris," which, crowned by the Institute of France, is the definite work detailing the history of the Seine and its commerce in the past and present and forecasting its future under new industrial conditions.

The chapters on Parisian evocation that M.

Maury, in "Figures and Aspects of Paris," presents to the public are extremely delicate and compelling. Like a string of changing opals in the realm of history and fancy, they reflect in multi-colored lights all that is penetrating of contemporary charm. This feeling for color is one of the most notable attributes of our author. It imparts a sort of luminous reality to the pictures that pass before us. Nor has any writer understood better the psychological "seduction" of Paris,—seduction made up of measured harmony, of discreet urbanity, of elegance of conversation as well as of feminine grace; all that we understand by French "taste" in its finest acceptation, in short, and which none but a Frenchman can perfectly define.

And since M. Maury really knows the capital in all its aspects, he paints with equal veracity a Paris that is laborious. One sees its troops of workers, intellectual or industrial; one feels its self-contained anguish of production, powerful and creative, under an exterior picturesque and nonchalant. Then, too, different quarters of the magic city, little known to the tourist of the official monuments, are brought into value. We learn to appreciate in all their fascination those corners which our author compares to the villages of the province, tranquil islands of serene and modest life, uncontaminated by the cosmopolitan streams of the contiguous boulevards. Besides so many pen-pictures of Parisian life and spirit, the book contains sketches of a number of modern nobilities,—those "figures" of the world of thought that represent the Latin genius in its different manifestations. The names of the men—scientists, historians or poets—are familiar to Americans, who, let it be said, have a more generous curiosity concerning French talent than France as yet can boast for American achievement. There are more Americans who know the names of Albert Sorel, of Bergson or Bertholot, than there are French who know John Fiske, Lester Ward or John Muir. In the intimate evocations of M. Maury, the series of French thinkers becomes a group of individual portraits, the man explaining his work, and vice versa, in a manner that cannot fail to charm the ardor of the foreign searcher.

The scientific volume of M. Maury, "The Port of Paris," must, and no doubt will, be read in detail by the economic student of long view. This work resumes, under an abridged compass, the role of the Seine in the alimentation and mercantile development of the capital, from the Middle Ages to our day. The remarkable projects of Napoleon for extending the fluvial traffic, and the decline of the water-way with the development of the railroads, are explained and commented upon. The author occupies himself with those plans for the future that would, under approved industrial direction, render more active than ever in the past the part of this marvelously disposed river, and, by a series of junctions with the principal lines of railways, open the port of the capital from Rouen to Nancy. Paris would in consequence become veritably a seaport. The economic advantages of this incomparable and herculean enterprise will not escape the most conservative imagination. M. Maury has performed a distinguished task in bringing together all the projects thus far developed by the economists and studied by the public authorities.

A curiously entertaining novelty in the book world is "The Souvenirs of Guy de Maupassant," by Francois, his *valet de chambre* during twenty years. Literature democratises from day to day. During the winter, no novel was more spoken of than one by a humble seamstress, without (so it was said) previous literary training. A prominent critic is preparing at this moment the memoires of the modiste of Marie Antoinette. Here, the servitor of a brilliant man of letters describes in detail the life of his master, the quality of his mind and nature in those moments when the bonds of convention are unloosed and the most closed intelligence reposes in all simplicity. The familiar portrait of de Maupassant is reassuring and agreeable. We find a man of easy and unassuming kindness, affectionate and charitable, enamored of art, loving work, and incapable of conceiving life without work even though, personally, his circumstances would have enabled him to dispense with all effort. "Francois" recounts all the sadness of that tragic last illness, ending in folly, with the attempt at suicide, familiarly known. The inner nature of the great romancer remains charming to the last, in his moments of lucidity. There in the garden of the private mad-house of Passy, he is able to admire the tender green of spring before the failing of the light has dissipated it from view.

The same publishing house of Plon has brought out a novel of extreme beauty of thought and of a freshness of situation that will not escape commentary. "The Exiles," by Paul Acker, studies the successive and changing influences that, since 1870, have been exercised upon the French mind. The present generation of Alsatians are everywhere exiles,—in France as well as in Alsace. M. Acker depicts this drama in the mind of a young man who, after some years' absence from his native province, returns by chance, and is moved by the loveliness of the land that protected his childhood and by the tragedy of its fate. That unforgettable immortal, Emile Gebhardt, himself from Lorraine, once said, "It is a nobility to belong to a conquered country." In the romance of M. Acker this truth is proved, and the moral development of the author's hero, who devotes himself to the conservation in Alsace of the ancient Latin ideals, is a study of esoteric patriotism. The story that accompanies this message of high purpose is delicately chaste and captivating.

M. Henri Guerlin, art critic and connoisseur, gives in his turn an important contribution. A volume of voyages, "Toward Jerusalem," is sumptuous in a quarto of rare typographical perfection and ornamented by one hundred and fifty photographs taken by the author in the course of his pilgrimages. The book is a joy to the senses before it makes appeal to the imagination. On reading, the intellectual pleasure fully sustains the first impression of material luxury. Although the subject is one that has often been treated, it acquires a fresh originality because of the artistic temperament of the author, who sees the marvelous visions he describes in his peculiar personal manner. And this manner is altogether charming. The Orient, full of the spirit of the past and saturated with hierarchical prejudices, is now invaded by our modern agitation. These contrasts do not escape our guide. The glaring anachronisms of these veiled women in automobiles, or these sons of the prophet who say

"hello" before a modern telephone as readily as "Allah" at the signal of muezzin, afford the theme of amusing pictures and profound dissertations. In Greece, on the *chemin de retour,* the erudite art training of the author has full play. The archeological wonders of the land of art are described with a new charm, and the pictures that accompany the descriptions, wherein one feels the love of the artist for the beauty he details, lend an illuminating commentary to the text.

This ancient Greece is in truth an obsession for the mind of M. Guerlin, for he has not hesitated to make it relive in a romance entitled, "In the Shadow of the Acropolis." The story, placed at the beginning of the Christian era, and wherein the gigantic figure of Saul of Tarsus has the part of protagonist, depicts the moving struggle between the pagan and the Christian ideals. A young Grecian girl of exalted soul comes to have the revelation that there is a beauty superior to that of form and color and personal satisfaction. Guided by the apostle, she develops a true soul,—a comprehension of the moral grandeurs that may reside under the most repellent shapes of misery. This story of the past, illustrated also, and of a French home harmonious and simple, brings a note of sacrifice and self-discipline tempered by a calm serenity into the self-affirmation and restlessness of our contemporary life.

In all this creative Latin literature, the frank, uncorrupted, original, and even optimistic character is evident. The purpose of these reviews has been, from the first, to spread a truer understanding of the solid virtues of the Latin intelligence, and thus to dissipate the theory of the moral decadence of France. To finish the list of positive contributions that we have considered today, it is necessary to remark on a volume from the ranks of the French army. A soldier poet, in a group of vivid poems, celebrates the little private in his daily humble life of duty in the barracks. The most potent correction of the ferocious military ideal of the past will no doubt come from the army corps itself. The idea has not yet germinated to combat from within its own ranks the conception of the soldier as a brute and predatory force. In awaiting that era when armies will have crumbled away , their living walls being no longer necessary to sustain the bulwarks of a society governed from within, it is a refreshing pleasure to read the pacific songs of a gallant cavalry officer, who celebrates his men in the faithful discharge of their laborious and inglorious tasks; who makes us feel that these sons of humble homes are "braves gens," performing a task assigned; who show their virtues of disciplined obedience in ways that differ little from the ways of civil life, without many of the privileges of the latter. In these gay and eminently human songs that make up the volume called "La Soldatesque," the Captain Fabien Mougenot extracts the poetry of the monotonous life of the barracks. Endowed with the particular genius of the ballad-writer, his verses have all the lilt and gaiety of a fresh, undaunted spirit. As the great *"chansonnier,"* Beranger, in his admirably popular songs of grace and action, celebrated the miserable and oppressed, so Fabien Mougenot celebrates the young recruit. He offers the latter a joyous gleam of idealism in the time that he fulfills the often lagging period of enforced service. There is a new heroism inculcated and sung with art in this work by an officer-balladist.

J. S. G.

Membre des Critiques Francais.

A New Country Book

I find on my table "How to Live in the Country," by E. P. Powell, and published by the Outing Company, New York City. Of course I like this book, but it would not be modest for me to review it in my own words. It is a lucky man who can find such a critic as N. O. Nelson, and receive from him such kindly endorsement as he gives in the "Foreword." He tells me, or my readers, "You, readers, know that Mr. Powell has never written a dull article, or misstated facts, or wasted a paragraph on an idea not worth the while. But few of you have seen, as I have, the nine acres on which he has these forty years learned the solemn facts which he is telling us. Mr. Powell shows a defiance of years in recently making himself a winter home in Florida. The fatal trend toward the deadly city, preaching has been unable to stop; but towards saving some of the more rational no one has done so much as Mr. Powell with his fascinating, true, and persuasive stories about all sides of country life. It pleases me much to have the opportunity of putting a foreword to this book. I wish it may have a million readers, keep a million boys from straying away from the farms to the factory, and that it may be translated into a score of languages." It may not be modest for me to even quote these strong words of my friend Nelson. However, I should like to have the book well read and well circulated, to help those who are trying to make for themselvs homes in the country. It is so easy to make a blunder and a failure. My object has been to state the case attractively, but not to overdraw in any instance. The book tries to guide you in your first steps toward a home, in selecting a spot, in building the house, in making gardens and orchards, and in laying out lawns and planting shrubbery. It discusses our rivals and our allies, especially the birds and the bees, and it tells all that can be compactly told about orchards and fruit-growing. Perhaps, best of all, it makes prominent the new art of "making soil," while the "fine arts" of a country home, and how to make the whole thing "pay" are brought conspicuously before the reader.

E. P. POWELL.

HALLOWED GROUND

'Tis not alone for ease or pleasure that I seek;
'Tis not to own increase of treasure that I speak;
'Tis not to gain applause from the unthinking mass,
But only that I cause a rose to bloom where I may pass.
This done, my greatest happiness in life is found,
In this I'm blest and bless, and tread on hallowed ground.

Watseka, Ill. M. H. PETERS.

If each of us were engaged in keeping
One soul peaceful from dusk to waking.
If each of us were busy in making
One soul peaceful from dusk to waking
What a happy old place this world would be,
What a jolly old place for you and me!

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

PLATFORM OF THE LAKE MOHONK CONFERENCE ON INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION, MAY, 1911

The Seventeenth Lake Mohonk conference on International Arbitration expresses its profound satisfaction in the impressive advances of the past year, so signal as to make the year the most memorable in the history of international progress in the United States.

The president of the United States, in his declaration favoring the reference to arbitration of every difference not settled by regular diplomacy, and in negotiating with Great Britain and France general arbitration treaties without reserve, has taken the highest and most advanced position. We call upon our people for such earnest coöperation and expression of public opinion as shall ensure the execution of these treaties in such form that they shall not fall short in any degree of the public declarations of President Taft and of the just expectations that these declarations have aroused on both sides of the Atlantic; and we urge the offer of similar treaties to all nations ready to conclude them with us.

The efforts of our Secretary of State to secure the organization of the International Court of Arbitral Justice have during the year advanced so far as to promise the complete success of that effort before the meeting of the third Hague Conference. We urge the unremitting reinforcement by our people of the endeavor for the perfecting of this supreme provision for the administration of international justice, recognizing that it is only through the complete establishment of the system of law that the system of war will cease.

The Congress of the United States has by unanimous vote authorized the president to create a commission to consider the pressing problem of the limitation of the burdensome armaments of the world. We record our gratitude and satisfaction at this resolution of Congress in behalf of independent American action, and trust that the early creation of this commission will place the nation in as pronounced leadership in dealing with this momentous issue as that taken by the president in behalf of unreserved arbitration. We believe that resolute initiative on our part will win the practical coöperation of other powers and promote more definite and hopeful effort in behalf of the steady decrease of the machinery for the settlement of disputes by force, corresponding to the present steady development of the instrumentalities for their settlement by justice.

We call attention to the fact that the time for the creation of the international committee for preparing the program of the third Hague Conference is only two years distant; and we ask for such early and careful thought upon this critical work as shall ensure for the next Conference the most intelligent preparation, the most constructive activities, and the largest results. The nations are confronted by the serious needs of international provision for the immunity of ocean commerce in time of war; for prohibiting money loans to belligerent nations by neutral peoples; and for prohibiting betimes aërial warfare. To the full consideration of these and other imperative concerns in the period preceding the meeting of the conference we earnestly urge all friends of international progress.

We welcome and endorse the proposal recently submitted to Congress for a joint agreement by the nations of North and South America, that in case of war between any of them no taking of territory from one by another shall be permitted as a result. Such an agreement has been made by all the nations bordering upon the North and Baltic Seas; and we urge the speedy American following of this enlightened European example.

We earnestly commend to our people, while working for the establishment of general international relations upon a just and stable basis, the strengthening of a public sentiment which shall ensure at all times the most faithful and complete discharge of our own duties to every nation.

This conference, distinguished by the inspiring presence of so many of our fellow-workers from England and Canada, holds its sessions on the eve of the coronation of King George V. On this auspicious occasion we express our grateful appreciation of the enthusiastic response of the English government and people to the arbitration proposals of President Taft, and our high hope that the reign which has now opened may be yet more memorable than that of Edward "the Peacemaker" in the service of international justice and fraternity. We urge such comprehensive plans for the coming celebration of the centennial of peace between Great Britain and the United States as shall make that commemoration a notable landmark in progress, not only for these two nations, but for the great family of nations.

We gratefully recognize that in the recent munificent provisions for the promotion of peace by Andrew Carnegie and Edwin Ginn larger contributions for our cause have been made in the United States during the past year than in all the world during the whole preceding history of the peace movement. We hail this generosity as evidence of the new determination of strong men to cope at last with the evils of war in a manner commensurate with their gravity; and we express the hope and confidence that these larger provisions will stir such emulation and new devotion among our people and among all peoples as shall advance with vastly greater efficiency and rapidity the commanding interests to which the Mohonk Arbitration Conferences have for these seventeen years been devoted.

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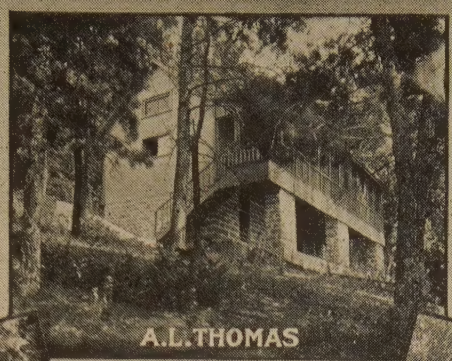
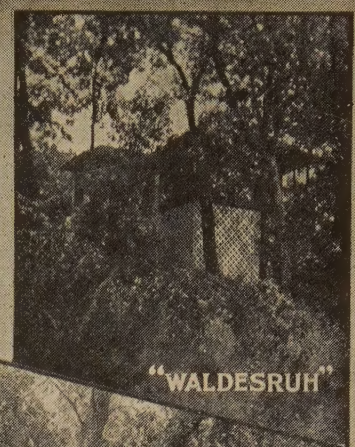
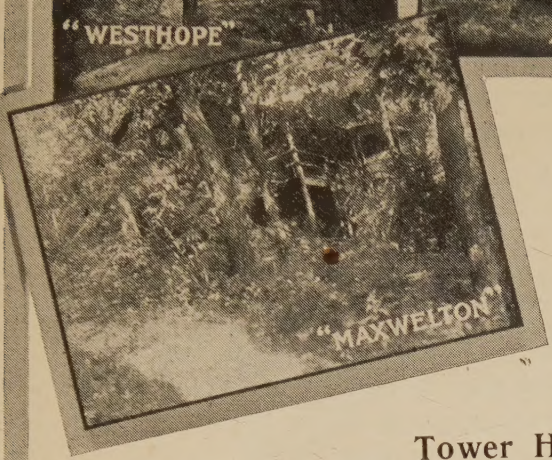
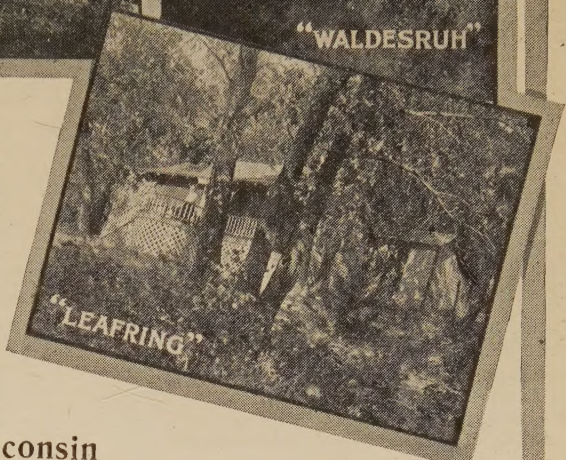






A GROUP OF
TOWER HILL
COTTAGES



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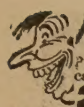

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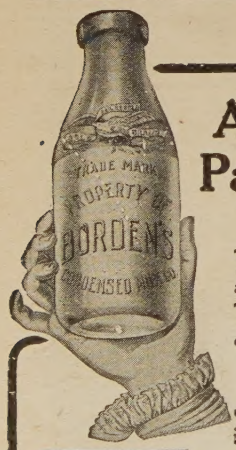

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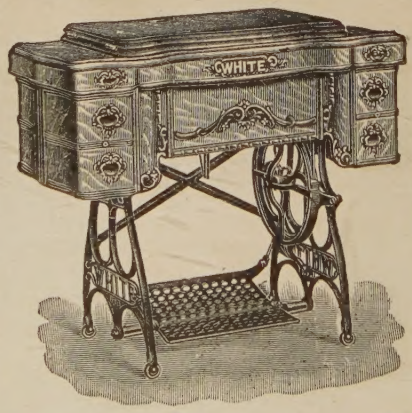

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